

## Ask for and Get SKINNER'S THE HIGHEST QUALITY MACARONI

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SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.  
LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

The Brighter Side.  
"Was your little outing in the country a success?"

"It was, from my point of view," answered Mr. Doppel.  
"How was that?"

"The auto broke down, we got caught in the rain, a few stung one of the children, and altogether we had so many accidents I don't believe Mrs. Doppel will insist on another outing in the country for at least 12 months."

## What the Doctor Knows

KIDNEYS MUST BE RIGHT TO INSURE HEALTH.

Few people realize to what extent their health depends upon the condition of the kidneys.

The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a chemical analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are doing their work properly, the other organs cannot readily be brought back to health and strength.

When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. According to health statistics, Bright's Disease, which is really an advanced form of kidney trouble, caused nearly ten thousand deaths in one year, in the State of New York alone. Therefore, it is particularly necessary to pay more attention to the health of these important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

The mild and healing influence of this preparation, in most cases, is soon realized, according to sworn statements and verified testimony of those who have used the remedy.

When your kidneys require attention, get Swamp-Root at once from any pharmacy. It is sold in bottles of 50c and \$1.00.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper, Adv.

The Penalty.  
Senator Fall was talking in New York about the Mexican situation.

"This imbroglio," he said, disgustedly, alluding to an earlier phase, "was due to absentmindedness. Well, absentmindedness in affairs of state gets punished as sharply as in affairs of love."

"I once knew an absent-minded dry goods clerk who was in love with a spirited girl. He took her hand one night and dropped:

"Dear, dear little hand! I wonder—I wonder—then his absentmindedness got its work in, and he said:

"I wonder if it will wash?"  
"The girl gave a sudden start."

"No, George," she hissed, "it won't wash, and I may as well tell you, too, that it won't cook, or sweep, or darn socks, either. Good evening!"

New Telephone-Telegraph.  
A new telephone instrument has been invented by means of which any telephone operator may send messages in the Morse code over an ordinary telephone.

This new instrument can be attached to any telephone and the connection between it is purely mechanical. It does not require any additional electric circuit. The telephone key has a pivot at the end. It produces a sharp distinct sound and is connected with the metal case of the telephone by two clamps. It is claimed that Morse signals sent by this instrument carry longer distances than the human voice over long distance telephone lines, so the telephone-telegraph can be of great value both in supplementary and in verifying telephonic conversation.

Psychological Phenomenon.  
"Do you believe that everybody can be hypnotized?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "In my campaign experience I have found that with the proper words and gestures you can hypnotize everybody. The trouble is that you don't know what minute they are going to wake up."

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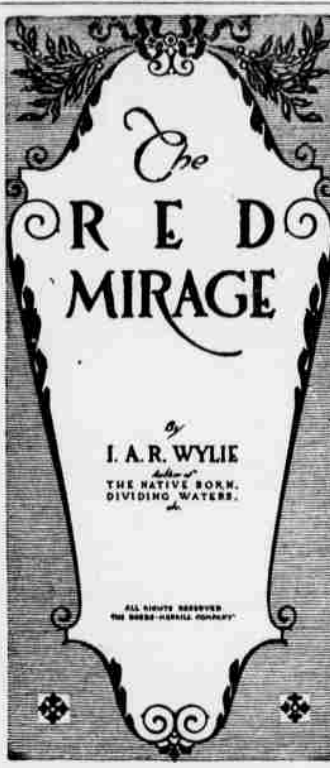
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THE ORCHID MIRAGE

I. A. R. WYLLIE

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her handkerchief over his bloodstained lips. "We must be very quiet," she whispered. "No one has seen me—no one must see me. Will they come to see you again tonight?"

"No one will come to me again." It was very still. His hand groped for hers and held it with feverish strength. "It was an act of friendship," she gasped. "I understand—you were thinking of those other days—long ago—and you were wonderful. You had judged and passed sentence—and then you forgave. I am glad—it was like you—like my dreams of you."

"In your dreams did I pass sentence?" she interrupted in the same low tone.  
"Yes—you remember—out there in the churchyard. What you said then—it has haunted me like a curse. I wish to God I had never met you, Richard!"

"The woman who said that was cruel and foolish," she said. "She didn't understand."  
"And now?"

"If I do not understand everything, at least I have still my faith."  
"Faith? In whom? An outcast without name or honor?"

"You are not without name or honor. You may have strained both in that first defeat—I do not know how or why—but you have not lost them. They are yours still. I believe that they will be yours always."

"You know that? You believe that?"  
"I know." Her arms were about him; she held his exhausted, tortured frame in a strong tenderness. "If I had not known I would not have come here to you. Only the best of us can fall from great heights. Only the bravest can pick themselves up and begin the long, heart-breaking climb back."

She lifted her white face to the sky, hiding the blinding tears. All was still again. The black grotesque shadow of the sentry crossed the fading line of campfires, and she crouched lower. He passed on indifferently.

"You are right," Farquhar went on at last. "That was what I prayed that you should understand. I had failed, utterly, ignominiously, but not ignominiously. I can't explain. I shall never be able to; but I meant to go out of your life and leave you happy. It was all I thought of. Can you believe that?"

"I do believe it," she answered hoarsely.  
"Thank you." He smiled a little. As though overtaken by a sudden irresistible thought, he dragged himself up and his eyes, slight and yet tragically conscious, sought her face.

Farquhar knows Sylvia to be a vain, selfish woman. Yet opportunity apparently comes to him to take Sylvia's love—such as it is—once more and bend this wife of another man to his purposes. Do you believe he will succumb to the temptation?

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Comrade, in a few days we shall be going south—four hundred of us and thirty officers. The devil goes, too. We are to build his road for him, so that one day someone will give him a little red ribbon for his bonnet. It is amusing, isn't it? It makes one laugh. They will be able to use our skulls for mile-stones. I always laugh when I think of it. Yours will be among them. Have you thought of that?"

Farquhar smiled to himself.  
"I shall not go with you," his brain answered.  
"Merde! You will not desert us, comrade? We need you. We count on you. Four hundred men and thirty officers! How simple! We shall go so docilely. We shall march on and on, forty kilometers a day, right to the edge of the desert, and then one fine morning you shall blow the reveille and the thirty officers will go on sleeping, and we shall leave them there—and follow you wherever you lead, against the Arabs, against the devil himself, right through Morocco—freedom! Comrade, you are a brave Englishman. We trust you. We will bear and suffer anything if you will lead us. If only a dozen of us get through we shall bless you. No evil can be worse than this. Death is for all of us sooner or later, and we would rather die as free men under you than as rats."

Farquhar struggled to free himself. "Duty!" he said sharply and clearly. He thought he heard a sigh and a curse—farther away now—and the shadow lifted. There were the stars once more, their pure serenity unchanged, and the white-glowing minarets lifting their lace-work of dreams high up into the light of their inspiration. It was then that Farquhar saw her. He ground his teeth together so that he should not call her, and instead prayed—

"God keep her—oh, God help her!"  
It had not been more than a breath, the first utterance of an anguished sense of failure, but she heard it, for she came to him and knelt beside him. He felt her hand touch his forehead and glide swiftly over his helpless limbs.

"Sylvia!"  
Her hands touched his wrists, and in answer the dull glowing fire burst out afresh and shot up along his limbs, burning deep into his brain, so that for a moment earth and sky became an endless blazing furnace. Then when the flame died down again he knew that her touch had set him free. He lay still, the cramped half-paralyzed body stretched out in the exhaustion of relief, and she bent over him, peering into the quiet face with passionate anxiety.

"Richard!" she whispered imperatively. "Can you hear me? Do you know me?"  
He looked up at her. In the pale supernatural twilight which hovered over the plateau his features bore that look of white transparency which belongs to death, but his eyes, black under the straight resolute brows, were deliciously alive. They were lifted to hers, but gazed beyond her intently and without recognition.

"I know you," he said. "I saw you coming. I tried not to call, but you must have heard my praying for you. Did you know I needed you?"

"Yes," she answered. Very gently she raised his dark head, so that it rested against her knee, and passed

her handkerchief over his bloodstained lips. "We must be very quiet," she whispered. "No one has seen me—no one must see me. Will they come to see you again tonight?"

"No one will come to me again." It was very still. His hand groped for hers and held it with feverish strength. "It was an act of friendship," she gasped. "I understand—you were thinking of those other days—long ago—and you were wonderful. You had judged and passed sentence—and then you forgave. I am glad—it was like you—like my dreams of you."

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above him, as though it was from thence that her voice came to him. "It is not likely that we shall meet again," she went on rapidly, "and I want you to remember what I am saying—as long as you live. I am not unhappy, Richard—remember that. I have gambled away my heritage in a mad hour, and I have no right even to sorrow. I love you. I thank God that you came into my life. Remember that!" She bent over him and with her handkerchief brushed the sweat of breaking fever from his forehead. "Can you hear me still, Richard—can you still understand me?"

"You must live—for my sake. I am only a poor human being—I cannot do without you on my earth. And then—you cannot throw down your weapons now."

He started, as though at some far-off, familiar sound.  
"That is what the little gray lady would have said. 'We cannot throw down our weapons in the first skirmish.' I have often thought of that. Tell her—I have not forgotten."

"I will tell her."  
He was silent a moment. Then his eyes opened fully, and a smile of brilliant hope, as of a man who has laid strong hands on an adverse fate, flashed over his wan features.

"We must go on—at whatever cost—we must go on," he cried hoarsely, and with a swift change of tone, infinitely pathetic in its sheer joy and gratitude: "How beautiful your voice, how beautiful!"

That was all. His voice, roused for that brief moment in the strength of a reborn happiness, passed like a ripple on the face of the deep silence. Very gently she slipped the long cloak from her shoulders and laid it over him. He did not move. The long-drawn-out seconds became minutes, the minutes—hours. One by one the great host of watchers above them flashed out, leaving a blank waste of darkness. A chill wind, sand-laden from the south, brushed against her face. Still she knelt there, with the man's unconscious head against her knees, her eyes fixed in proud strong patience on the western sky, where slowly, almost imperceptibly, the dawn was breaking.

In all the glory of reawakened life the pale-gold heralds of the morning rose above the distant horizon and, gathering warmth and deeper fire as they swept the desert, broke in one mingled flood against the topmost minarets, which glowed back in splendid answer. The bivouac fires had long since died out, and the sickly ghost of night crept back into the groves of olive. From the high tower of the mosque a white-robed figure greeted the one God in solemn thanksgiving—

"Holliness to thee, O God, praise be to thee. Great is thy name!"  
Then came the gay, joyous call of a bugle and the clatter of arms.

The woman rose slowly to her feet. She stood for a moment facing the grandeur of rising light; then she bent down, and with swift strong hands bound the unresisting figure into a semblance of its first helplessness. Stern indignation blazed in her eyes as she lifted them for a moment, but she neither flinched nor hesitated. Only as a stifled groan broke from the bloodless lips she bent lower and kissed him.

"Forgive me. God bless you, dear!"  
He smiled faintly, as though in apology, in weak unconscious gratitude, then, sighing, passed from stupor into a peaceful dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

The End of Ramadan.

On the outskirts of Sid-el-Abbes half a dozen Arabs stood and waited patiently. They had stood on the same spot since the hour of sunset, when the pale emerald change to olive had supplanted the blue of dawn, but she neither flinched nor hesitated. Only as a stifled groan broke from the bloodless lips she bent lower and kissed him.

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## GERMANS WIN IN TRANSYLVANIA

VON FALKENHAYN'S ARMIES CRUSH BUCHAREST FORCES IN THREE-DAY BATTLE.

## ZEPPELIN IN NEW RAID

BRITISH LOSE 120,000 OFFICERS AND MEN ON THE SOMME IN SEPTEMBER.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

London, Oct. 3.—Troops of the central powers have crushed the Rumanians between forces in a battle which raged for three days in central Transylvania.

The Rumanians fled in disorder. Gen. von Falkenhayn, attacking the Rumanians, divided his force of Germans and Austro-Hungarians.